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in the text which warrants the action, hence the "business" is superfluous and approaches nearly to the ridiculous.

There are many faults of this character in Mr. Booth's personation of Hamlet, which, although they may appear telling and novel to the impractised eye, render it disagreeable to the initiated; the performance, as a whole however, is very fine and carries away the enthusiasm of the spectator by its many flashes of real, genuine genius and power; and, after all, Mr. Booth is hardly to be blamed for his new readings and "business;" as many an actor before him has fallen into the same error, considering Hamlet a part in which anything new and, to some, striking can be introduced with effect, entirely ignoring the fact that Hamlet was a man and, as a natural consequence, would be very apt to act as other men and, although he did put an "antic disposition" on, in his private moments, when it was unnecessary for him to wear his mark of madness, he would, undoubtedly, have acted as a sane and reasonable man, and would adopt the vagaries of character which he was pleased to adopt before the King and the Count. Do not understand from this, fair reader, that I would disparage Mr. Booth's personation of Hamlet—it is a good, a noble piece of acting, and to the finer portions of it I would accord all just praise, but Mr. Booth is too great an actor to be permitted to mar, what is otherwise, a masterpiece by a too earnest desire to present something novel and peculiar, and with this feeling I raise my protest against the many errors in judgment which he commits in the personation of this, Shakespeare's greatest character.

Mr. Gotthold's Ghost is a thoroughly excellent performance—dignified and king-like in its ghostly action, and the language finely and scholarly delivered. Next to J. W. Wallack's it is the finest personation of this character we now have on the stage.

Mr. Barton Hill makes but little of the fine part of Laertes; he seems to walk through it with an utter indifference as to whether he plays it well or not, this is all the more astonishing, as the gentleman is an actor of most undoubted talent and intellect.

Mr. Davidge's Polonius is a perfect masterpiece, full of rich, unctuous humor, and characterized by a breadth of conception and action which is simply admirable.

Mr. Duff's Horatio, too, is another fine piece of quiet, sensible acting. Horatio was a well read scholar and a thorough gentleman, and although many personators of the part seem to have had no idea of this fact, Mr. Duff evidently has, and the consequence is a most excellent performance.

There is vast room for improvement in Mme. Scheller's Ophelia; setting aside her unpleasant German accent, she has utterly failed in her conception of the character, and saving in the mad scene, does not rise to its many beauties, giving us but a sorry idea of the sweet, innocent and lovely character of the fair maid.

Miss Ida Vernon's Queen is dignified, sensible and quiet; rising, in its stronger passages, to a considerable degree of pathos and passion.

The play is well put upon the stage, although not quite so finely as at its performances last

winter, and will doubtless have a long and successful run.

The Winter Garden, in the short space of two days, has been put into "apple pie order" and looks bright and beaming in its new dress,—doubtless in anticipation of the many successes in Music and the Drama which are destined to occur within its pleasant walls.

SHUGGE.

ART MATTERS.

ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY EXHIBITION—WATER-COLOR ROOM.

The first picture one finds on entering the Water-color Room is "Before the Battle," by D. G. Rosetti, a characteristic specimen of the ultra Pre-Raphaelite School, the figures of which are noticeable for their entire lack of anything resembling human nature, being hard, crude and utterly ridiculous in drawing; the color, however, is good, and the drapery is painted with wonderful fidelity and elaboration.

"Just Awake," by Mrs. E. Murray, is a rather poor specimen of that lady's style; it is slightly exaggerated in expression and color, and is only redeemed by the feeling of life and expression conveyed in the face of the child.

"View on the Thames," by Paul Marny. A most delicious picture; full of cool, tender greys, in the production of which Marny is without a rival, and which add a beauty and freshness to all his work.

"Hollyhocks," by J. W. Hill, is an excellent specimen of American water-color art, being strong and vivid in color, and at the same time broad in handling and execution. Mr. Hill has several pictures in the present exhibition, all of great merit, but this is perhaps the finest of them all; there is a feeling of atmosphere and brilliancy about it which is exquisite.

"A Milk-Stall in Seville, Spain," by Mrs. E. Murray. An unfinished sketch, but particularly noticeable for the admirable expression in the faces of such of the figures which are completed. Strong and telling in color and composition.

"Margaret at the Cathedral," by T. A. Jones. Mr. Jones has several pictures in the Water-color Room, all of which can be covered by the same criticism; they are very ambitious, but of that "vaulting ambition which doth o'erleap itself," being hard in drawing and forced and exaggerated in color, while fine and impressive subjects are treated with anything but the hand of a master.

"Dressed for the Fete," by D. Bouvier. A rich, exquisite little piece of color, good in drawing and extremely careful and delicate in execution.

"Indian Falls and Coldspring," by Wm. Craig. An admirable little landscape, full of sunlight and the fresh feeling of the country; the water is excellently managed, dashing and sparkling over the rocks and hurrying along the bed of the stream in merry, dancing ripples, while the effect of sunlight through the trees over the falls is exquisitely conveyed.

"Garibaldians Foraging," "Donkey Sale in Palermo," by Thos. Nast. Mr. Nast is an artist of considerable talent, but his great fault is a proneness to caricature, and this is particularly

noticeable in the above-mentioned pictures; there is a certain amount of humor about them, but it is greatly marred by the exaggeration and carelessness in execution.

"The Rovere," by J. D. Linton. A sweet little *genre* picture, delicate in feeling and sentiment, careful in execution, but characterized by a weakness of color which detracts greatly from its general merit.

"Harvesting," by J. Absolon. Mr. Absolon is an English water-colorist of considerable distinction, and the American public have been made tolerably familiar with his work through the pages of the *Illustrated London News*, he having contributed to that journal several full-page colored illustrations. The present picture is a good specimen of his style, bold in handling, effective in drawing and strong in color, while the subject is one both pleasing and sympathetic.

And now we come to Birket Foster, one of the most industrious and at the same time most poetic of English artists, whose work is always delicate, careful and full of sentiment, and who has perhaps contributed more to the beautifully illustrated holiday literature of the day than any artist now living. His "On the River" is an exquisite bit of quiet English scenery; lacking the grandeur of our American landscape, there is a homelike, pastoral feeling about the English which is exceedingly charming and creates a longing, in these cold, wintry November days, for the sunshine of summer and the fresh green fields of the country. Mr. Foster has succeeded admirably in catching this feeling in nearly all his pictures, and "On the River" is a good specimen of his always charming style. The sunlight breaking through the trees in the middle distance and playing on the meadows in front; the water, reflecting the grove beyond and caught here and there by patches of light; the cool, grey sky; the flight of birds, are all admirable and full of nature. The only fault that I can find in the picture is an unpleasant hardness in the foreground-trees; this, however, is hardly noticeable, and detracts but little from the general excellence of one of the most exquisitely beautiful landscapes in the exhibition.

"Dead Game," by J. W. Hill. Very careful in detail, but characterized by a certain flatness and want of relief, owing to the picture being painted for the most part in transparent color, a grave mistake in water-color painting.

"Ave Maria," by Mrs. E. Murray. This is one of the most finished, and consequently one of the finest, of Mrs. Murray's pictures; there is a glow and richness of color about it which is exceedingly fine, while the whole feeling and action of the figure is expressive of devotion and sentiment.

"Interior of the House of Commons," "Interior of the House of Lords," by Joseph Nash. Two remarkable pictures; the carefulness of detail and execution displayed in the architecture is nearly akin to something wonderful, being carefully elaborated, but at the same time broad and strong in effect. The figures, however, are not as good; there is a certain chalkiness and lack of vitality in the faces which renders them exceedingly unpleasant. This is Mr. Nash's great fault; his drawing and execution of architecture

is almost unsurpassed, but his figures are all characterized by this same feeling of chalkiness and entire lack of anything resembling human nature.

"King John's Oak," by Wm. H. Thwaites. An exceedingly careful rendering of an interesting subject; the gnarled and weather-beaten old tree is well and carefully painted and reflects great credit on the artist. Mr. Thwaites is an English water colorist who has located himself in New York, and his style is characterized by all the softness and grace of the English school. He has several pictures in the present exhibition, all of which are more or less meritorious, but space forbids that I should speak of them in detail.

"Study of Elms," by H. R. Newman. A strong contrast to the quiet color of Mr. Thwaites's, being hard and crude, and characterized by a disagreeable prevalence of raw green, which is extremely unpleasant. There is some good drawing in the picture, however, which barely save it from utter and entire condemnation.

"Opponent of the Excise Law," by A. Jones. Here is a picture which is a disgrace to the exhibition; coarse and vulgar in feeling, careless in execution, and is only noticeable from the attempt at wit conveyed in its catch title.

"Sea Shore," by Birket Foster. Another exquisite little picture from Mr. Foster's prolific pencil; sweet and tender in color and execution, and having in it some well drawn and characteristic figures.

"Head," by J. D. Linton. Not so good a picture as the gentleman's "Reverie," although a more popular one among artists and critics. The color is forced and unnatural, resembling more that of an over ripe peach than the human flesh, and far surpassed by Mrs. Murray's "Gipsy Queen," which is full of expression, humor and vivacity, and moreover admirable in color and execution.

"Study from Nature," by J. H. Hill. Just one of those loveable little works which we all have seen in our country rambles; good in execution, although in a rather unfinished condition, and almost faultless in drawing; the color is, perhaps, a little weak, but, for all this, the "Study from Nature" is a most charming picture.

"Group of Calves," by Harrison Weir. Everyone is familiar with Mr. Weir's great superiority as an animal painter, and the present picture, although not quite equal to some of the artist's other works, is still a fair specimen of his style, the calves are well drawn and expressive, but there is a smudginess of color in the picture which is not altogether agreeable.

This finishes the pictures in the water color room; as a whole it is a most admirable and creditable collection, and it is to be hoped that at the next exhibition of the National Academy the same space and honorable position will be assigned to this branch of art as at the exhibition of the Artists' Fund Society.

On Tuesday of last week, the Brooklyn Art Association threw open the doors of the Brooklyn Academy of Music for its seventh annual exhibition. Braving the dangers of the East River and the many hardships of its passage I made my way to the Brooklyn Academy of Music and found there a collection of very beautiful maidens and very indifferent pictures; in addition to this I found a

great scarcity of catalogues and was only able to discover the titles of the different works exhibited by referring to the catalogue of a complaisant Brooklynite. It would be well for the members of the Association were they to furnish these necessary articles, to the members of the press at least, as it is next to impossible to notice pictures unless you know their names and by whom they are painted. Let us hope that next year this fault will be remedied.

The collection, as a whole, is inferior to that of former years; many of the pictures being old ones which have been seen time and again in picture shops and private galleries, while others are but poor specimens of their respective artist's style and talent. One of the best pictures in the exhibition is "The Coming Storm," by Geo. Innes, which is good in composition and broad in treatment, while the lights are excellently managed; there is an air of smudginess in many places, however, which is far from agreeable.

"On the Alert," by Gilbert Barling, is a cleverly painted quail, full of life and spirit, while the landscape is full of atmosphere and strength.

Mr. Weir came very near to painting an exceedingly fine picture when he painted "Niagara"; the feeling of height and the rush and roar of water are admirably conveyed, and were it not for a lack of greys, which causes the picture to look untrue and forced in color, it would be a thoroughly excellent work.

Mr. Leutze's much praised "Lady Godiva" is among the collection and occupies a prominent position; it is a picture utterly unworthy of the gentleman's reputation, being bad both in drawing and color, while the subject is treated with an excess of prudery which renders it almost indecent from the evident trouble displayed to make it otherwise.

Mr. Jerome Thompson is at work on a large picture which is to be called the "Passing Shower." The subject is taken from the Green Mountains, and looking off from a ledge of high rocks we see spread beneath us the fertile valleys and mountain fastnesses of Vermont, while in the distance stretches the Catskill range towering above the peaceful waters of the Hudson. The idea of space and atmosphere is well conveyed, and the near foreground is well and carefully painted. When finished, this will be a really fine and imposing picture.

PALETTE.

LITERARY MATTERS.

"SARATOGA, AN INDIAN TALE OF FRONTIER LIFE." T. B. Peterson & Bros.

This is a clever novel of the rather sensational school; the language is good and at times quite powerful, while the descriptions of wood-life are well and truthfully given. The incidents narrated purport to have been handed down by tradition as veritable facts, and the principal personages introduced drawn from actual prototypes. For all artistic purposes, whatever might be true is true; and the book is presented to the public as a faithful picture of Saratoga in 1787.

"THE NATIONAL COOK BOOK." T. B. Peterson & Bros.

This is one of the best books on cookery that

has been issued from the press in some time; the receipts are written in a concise and simple manner, giving the housewife the required instructions in few words and short, pithy sentences, which enable her to arrive at the process of making a pudding or concocting a dish without having to wade through any unnecessary quantity of reading matter.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 14, 1866.

ED. AMERICAN ART JOURNAL:

Knowing the deep interest you feel in musical matters throughout the country, I call attention to a musical event of no little importance to the music lovers of this "Queen City." I refer to the grand concert of the Harmonic Society of this city, which occurred last evening in Mozart Hall. I take the liberty of a stranger of remarking freely upon the performance: and, first, to the credit of the citizens, be it said, they appreciate this society, and, notwithstanding the attractions of many other first class entertainments, the house was well filled, long before the concert commenced, with the beauty and elite of the city.

The first and most important part of the concert consisted of selections from Costa's Oratorio, "Naaman," for the first time in this country. Of twenty-three numbers in the first part of the Oratorio, fourteen were given, and of twenty numbers in the second part, eleven were given. The incidents from which the Oratorio is drawn are contained in the second book of Kings, second, third, fourth and fifth chapters. Commencing with the translation of Elijah to Heaven, referring among other incidents to the miraculous extension of the cruse of oil, the restoration to life of the widow's son, and the healing of Naaman, and with the general rejoicings consequent on this event, the Oratorio closes.

The part of Elisha was sung by Mr. Edward Hermanson, who has a musical voice of good compass, with great power and flexibility. He sang with great taste and expression, thoroughly identifying himself with his part, especially in the songs "Arise, O! Lord," "Thy seed shall be prosperous," and "Lament not thus," he was remarkably good. The principal soprano solos were sung by Miss Virginia Smith, whose peculiarly pure, sweet voice has had the benefit of excellent training. The song, "Look up my son," was perhaps the most effective of all the solos.

The fresh sweet alto voice of Miss Heidesheimer told to advantage in the duet with Mr. Hermanson, "I sought the Lord." The alto solo, "I dream't I was in Heaven," received a careful conscientious rendering by Miss Mason, (niece of the Lowell Mason,) who sings with much feeling and appreciation. The tenor solos, by Mr. Robert Rogers and Mr. Pitton were very effectively given and elicited much applause. The quartette, "Honor and Glory," sung by Miss Jane Sullivan, Miss Abbie Mason and Messrs. Rogers and Hermanson, elicited the first encore of the evening.

The choruses, almost without exception, were splendidly given by one hundred and forty voices, supported by an amateur orchestra of thirty pieces.